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Bard

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Curious aftermath. Roses
all over the table
as if a cat but we have no cat
a squabble but we were all asleep
a sneeze from a giant chest but we are small
a whirlwind but the house was closed.

27 November 2007

= = = = =

If God were a sailor
what sea would he sail?

I can ask my elbow
or any other working part.

It will know for sure
because me and God

are made of the same meat
so we could go sailing

through the straits of mind
out into brightness

and call out the name
of everything we see there

and all the names are you.

27 November 2007

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Sign my name to the day.
Not make it mine
but seal it as a letter
I'm sending to the world—

here is Mercury, Woden's day,
here is the cellar we had dug
to build on it a house of air
down from the light

to land on what is firm.
You know all this as well
as I do, or better,
here, here is the day.

28 November 2007

THE TREE HAS ITS ROOTS IN THE SKY

1.

We'll never know
the book this sentence
is mistranslated from,

the books has its words in the sky
I lie on cold grass and read them
I am fourteen, at Bear Mountain,
wet from the lake, shivering
and already the stars are coming out

the whole fucking alphabet above.

2.

No. Tree
is not me.

The tree walks down the sky
planting its footsteps carefully
until it wraps its branches
—the old book would call them boughs—
around my house.

No. Forget
the book, the bough, the house.

The tree is naked
as you are,
it is winter,
the whole
shimmering array is some
sort of stupid song.

3.

But what song
and what makes it dumb,
and what made
the stars so fierce
as signifiers

but meaning what?

Who are you, Sir Tree?
I am nobody. Certainly
not Poetry. You have to be
that for yourself.

A tree is made of wood,
wood is *madera*,
material, matter.
No wonder dogs come along and pee on you.

28 November 2007
Olin 101

= = = = =

If there were a thing here
it could say

but what would the animal be
and why, and why would it try
so hard to ask, in human
language or any other
if it could, the password
of the lonely id in all such journeying,

book by book until
the actual flesh is reached
in the sense of achieved landed on touched.

28 November 2007

WATER

Where did the water come from? On earth to begin with ago. Or right now. On the hutch shelves, sopping past the toaster below, as if a guest had come in drenched from the rain and the door is still open. But there was no guest, and the door was far, and snugly closed. Yet suddenly there was this girl in the living room. We had wrapped her in a white blanket because she was drenched. It must have been raining. Her eyes were closed but she was smiling. The sofa on which we had laid her down to rest was sopping wet now. So much water. There was something blue about her smile as if her eyes were open but they weren't but she smiled.

29 November 2007

THE QUEST: ON THE DAY I Ba'ts'

The day means thread
not just monkey.
Monkey is the hardest word to type.

It is a thread when it is a thread
we follow it
while the monkeys howl at us

laughter of all natural things
turned against us
unnatural beings who presume

to have or make or find
a thread and follow it.
As once on a bridge in Athens

on our way to the mysteries,
as we passed, they mocked us,
men pretending to be monkeys

mocked us pretending to be men.
Or more than human
to dare to follow a thread

a thin thin thread
we follow through stone buildings
through the city till the jungle

through the jungle till the mountain
following always
a thread thin as a bird's cry.

29 November 2007

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But what could I have been asking
ever that I didn't ask? Is it about
my right to say I and link it
to some question about the real?

What can I or any I know about the real!
To say I is to lose the actual,
lapse into this miserable sometimes
glorious dream where sometimes I find you.

30 November 2007

LE ROI D'YS

Under the sea yet one more kingdom,
how they all do sink, falter under the sheer
habit of the light that dark does not relieve.
The stars, and so on. And yet there has
to be another place no light reveals
where we can see by altogether different
means. Gnotons not photons. Gods
not flashlight batteries. The mind.

And in that kingdom every man is king
and every woman queen, wheat
doesn't bother to grow because we
don't bother to eat. Something else
sustains us. Something else
smiles at us from the unseen sky.
Invisible smiles! That's what I mean,
it's all right, it's all right,
in the woods behind my house
the fox is asleep in the dawn glare.
What could I possibly want
but something that is not there?

Gnoteins not proteins. Infrared
and ultraviolet and perpendiculars
to indigo – then we'll be there.

30 November 2007

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Sun on polished wood.
A table. Another day.
Notch in my belt.
Empty summerhouse.
Ice last night not now.
Grass December green.
Already it is now.
I teach a book to walk upstairs.
Density is all I ever love
sunlight is the thickest of all things.

30 November 2007

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A moment is all
about waking.

Waiting. The pause
inside the thought,
the in-breath
of thinking. The hold. The slow
release.

Yoga of speech.
Listen to me
breathing.

30 November 2007